SCREAM

75¢
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NO. 8
AUGUST
1974

T.M.

WHO IS THIS MAN–MONSTER? A VAMPIRE? A MURDEROR? A FIEND?
HE IS ALL OF THESE, AND MORE··HE IS A BLOODTHIRSTY MANIAC WHO WILL STOP
AT NOTHING TO TORTURE HIS VICTIM'S LIVING FLESH!

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS!

the OLD and the NEW are in the

PSYCHO 1974 YEARBOOK

weird old horrors by RALPH REESE, BILL EVERETT TOM SUTTON, SYD SHORES and TOM PALMER.

Astonishing new horrors by CESAR LOPEZ and AL HEWETSON — The Saga of FRANKENSTEIN's MONSTER!

THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS — SLIME-WORLD — BEWARE SMALL EVILS
THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY — THE INNER MAN — THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

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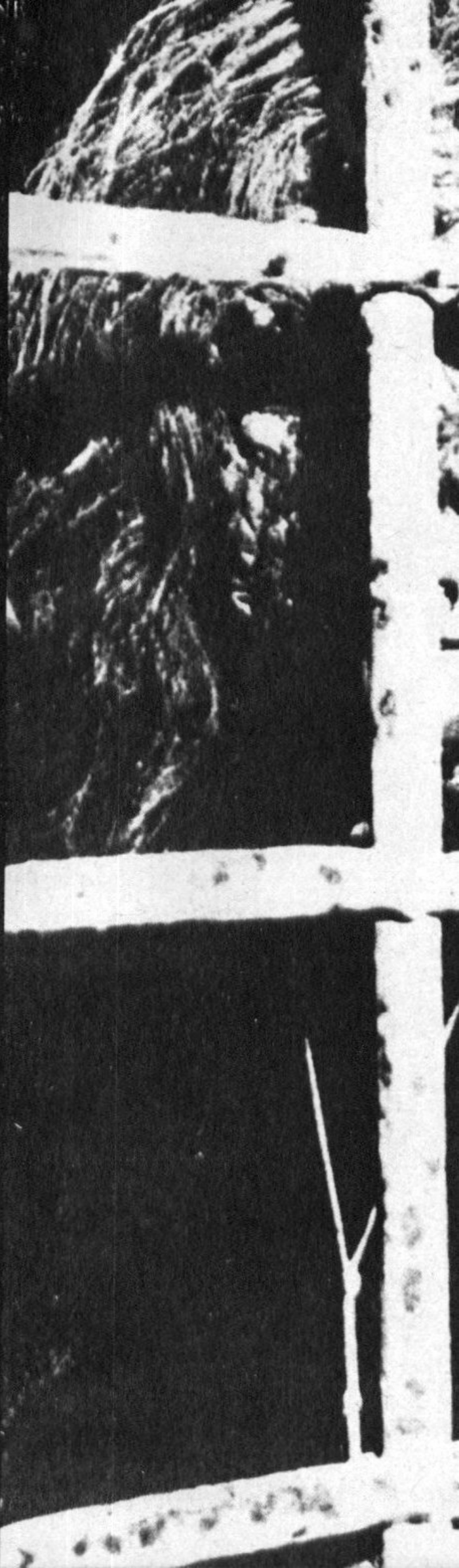
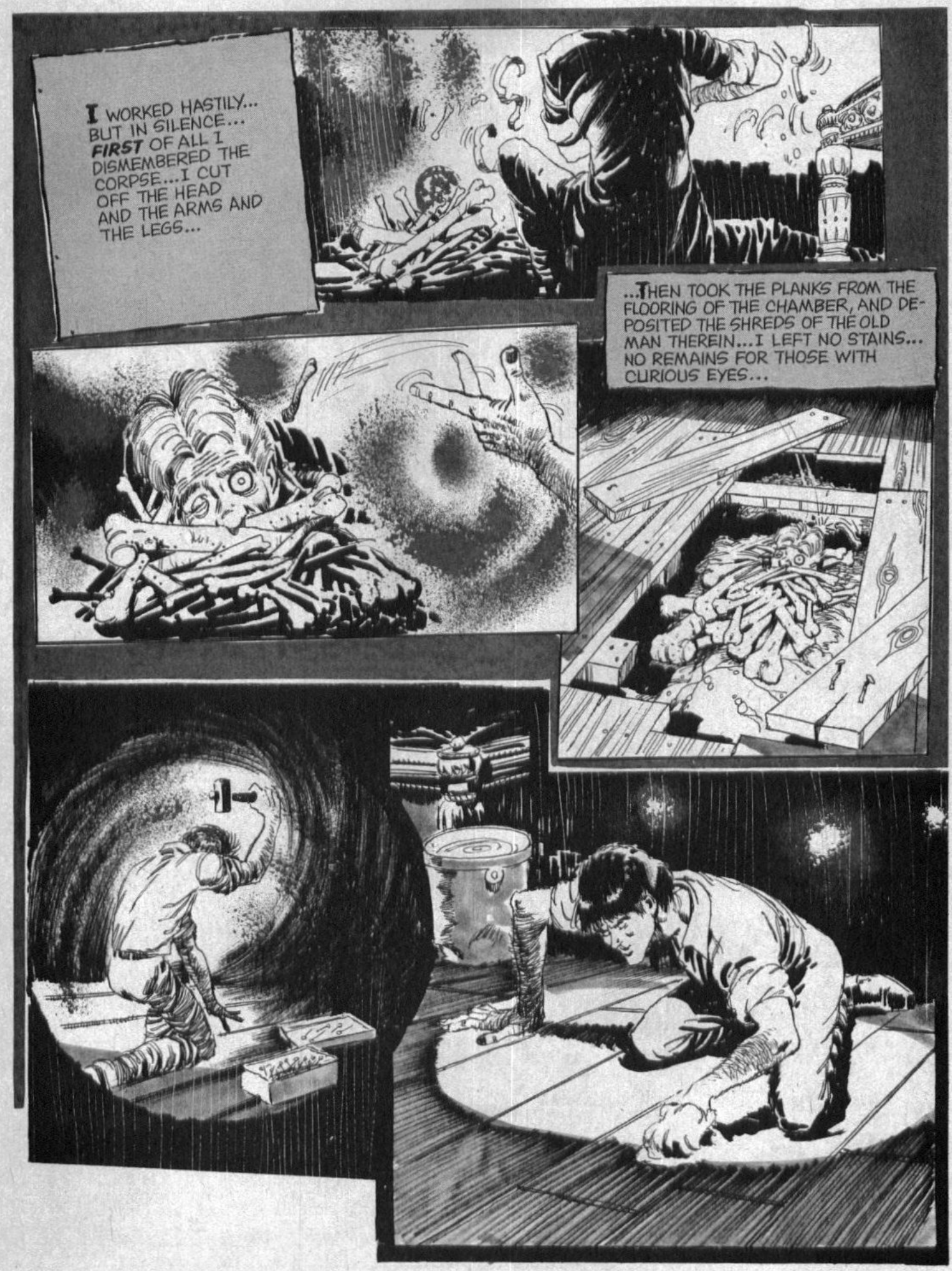


WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE
...I AM DREADFULLY NERVOUS, I HEARD MANY THINGS IN HELL...HOW, THEN, AM I MAD? HEARKEN AND OBSERVE HOW HEALTHILY--HOW CALMLY I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY...ONLY THEN, WHEN I AM FINISHED, CAN YOU JUDGE HOW MAD I AM...
The TELL-TALE HEART
...IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW FIRST THE IDEA ENTERED MY BRAIN; BUT ONCE CONCEIVED, IT HAUNTED ME DAY AND NIGHT...
...I BEAR YOU NO MALICE, OLD MAN! WHY IS IT I WANT TO DO THIS TO YOU?
...YOU HAVE NEVER WRONGED ME...NEVER INSULTED ME... I DON'T DESIRE YOUR GOLD OR YOUR POSSESSIONS...
...I THINK IT WAS HIS EYE! YES, IT WAS HIS PALE BLUE EYE THAT RESEMBLED THAT OF A VULTURE...MY BLOOD RAN COLD...
...I DO NOT HATE YOU, OLD MAN...IT IS THAT DAMNED EYE!
I AM FORCED TO CLOSE IT...
I AM FORCED TO SHUT IT OUT OF MY LIFE...
I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU!!

...NOW THIS IS THE POINT...YOU FANCY ME MAD... WELL, MADMEN KNOW NOTHING...BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME...BY GOD...YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HOW INTELLIGENTLY I PROCEEDED BEFORE I KILLED HIM...
THAT NIGHT...
WHO IS IT?
WHO IS THERE??
WHO IS AT THE DOOR?
CLICK!

...HA...WOULD A MADMAN HAVE BEEN SO WISE AS THIS? DID I NOT ANSWER HIM...RATHER I STOOD SILENTLY WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND FOR AN HOUR...AND IN THAT HOUR I LISTENED TO HIS HEART...HIS FURIOUSLY BEATING, THROBBING HEART...
...BY ACCIDENT, MY HAND FELL UPON THE LATCH OF THE DOOR AND THE SOUND SO STARTLED THE OLD MAN HE JUMPED UP AND GAZED WITH HIS WRETCHED EYE DIRECTLY UPON ME...
I COULD NOT TAKE THE STARE...SO ANGERED BY IT I SCREAMED LOUDLY AND RAN AT HIM...
YAAAAAAAAAA
OHHH... MY HEART... MY HEART... UGHHH...
...HE LIES STILL...I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEART... HE'S DEAD...GOD... I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEART AND I CAN'T BE THREATENED BY HIS EYE BECAUSE IT IS DEAD... THE EYE IS DEAD!!
...YOU STILL THINK ME MAD? OH, NO...FOR WHEN YOU LEARN THE PRECAUTIONS I UNDERTOOK TO DISPOSE OF HIS WRETCHED BODY YOU WILL THINK ME VERY WISE AND VERY SANE... HAHAHAHA...
...YES...VERY WISE... VERY SANE...


I WORKED HASTILY... BUT IN SILENCE... FIRST OF ALL I DISMEMBERED THE CORPSE... I CUT OFF THE HEAD AND THE ARMS AND THE LEGS...
...THEN TOOK THE PLANKS FROM THE FLOORING OF THE CHAMBER, AND DEPOSITED THE SHREDS OF THE OLD MAN THEREIN... I LEFT NO STAINS... NO REMAINS FOR THOSE WITH CURIOUS EYES...

...IT WAS FOUR IN THE MORNING WHEN I WAS FINISHED, AND THERE CAME A KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR ...I OPENED IT WITH A LIGHT HEART... FOR WHAT HAD I TO FEAR? NOTHING!!! WHAT POSSIBLY HAD I TO FEAR?...
ARE YOU THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?
...NO... I AM HIS SERVANT... THE MASTER IS IN THE COUNTRY... ...IS ANYTHING WRONG?...
...A NEIGHBOR REPORTED HEARING A SCREAM A SHORT TIME AGO ...MAY WE COME IN TO LOOK?
MY OWN SCREAM...IT WAS MY OWN SCREAM THEY HEARD AS I LEAPED AT THE OLD MAN...
OH...IT WAS MY OWN SCREAM THE NEIGHBOR HEARD...A RESTLESS SLEEP...THAT IS WHY I AM NOW UP AND DRESSED...MY SLEEP TONIGHT HAS BEEN WRETCHED... COME IN AND LOOK AROUND...
YOU SEE?... THERE IS NOTHING TO SEE! EVERYTHING IS NORMAL...
...LOOK EVERYWHERE...
...YOU ARE VERY WELCOME TO SEARCH WHEREVER YOU LIKE...
...THE SHRIEK THE NEIGHBOR HEARD WAS ME YOU KNOW...IT WAS NOT THE NEIGHBOR'S IMAGINATION...AS A MATTER OF INTEREST TO YOU I...AH... HAD A VERY BAD NIGHT...I COULDN'T SLEEP... I WAS THE ONE WHO SCREAMED... IT WAS ME... WELL... NOW I AM QUITE ALL RIGHT...AS YOU CAN SEE...

YOU'VE SEARCHED EVERY ROOM BUT THIS ONE... DO YOU NOT WISH TO SEARCH THIS ROOM?...WHY NOT COME IN AND SEARCH THIS ROOM ALSO?
YOU SEE... EVERYTHING IS FINE...SAY... WHY DON'T WE ALL SIT DOWN... LET'S ALL SIT DOWN IN THIS ROOM... HERE ARE CHAIRS...THIS IS MY MASTER'S ROOM, YOU KNOW...THIS IS WHERE HE SLEEPS...
ARE YOU ALONE HERE?
OH YES! I AM ALONE...THE MASTER IS IN THE COUNTRY YOU KNOW... I AM ALONE IN THIS HOUSE, QUITE ALONE...
...AND YOU CAN SEE HOW HIS TREASURES AND POSSESSIONS ARE ALL SECURE...YOU CAN SEE THAT, CAN'T YOU?...
...I HAD PLACED THE CHAIR ON THE VERY SPOT BENEATH WHICH LAY CARVED AND CRUMPLED THE CORPSE OF THE OLD MAN... WHY? I FELT VERY SECURE...AND OF COURSE I HAD NOTHING TO HIDE...

...BEFORE LONG I FELT MYSELF GETTING PALE AND WISHED THEM GONE...I FELT...I...HEARD A RINGING IN MY EARS...IT CONTINUED AND GAINED DEFINITIVENESS... UNTIL, AT LENGTH, I FOUND THAT THE NOISE WAS NOT WITHIN MY EARS...IT CAME FROM BENEATH ME...
...CAN I GET-- AH?...WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING?...
...THE SOUND INCREASED...IT WAS A LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUND...I GASPED FOR BREATH...AND YET THE OFFICERS HEARD IT NOT...
...HOW DO YOU FEEL? DO YOU FEEL OKAY?...
...I AROSE AND ARGUED ABOUT TRIFLES IN A HIGH KEY AND WITH VIOLENT GESTICULATIONS...
...OF COURSE...I...I SHOULD NOT OFFER YOU SOMETHING BECAUSE...AS YOU...AH... REALIZE, I KNOW YOU MUST KNOW THAT...EVERYTHING IN THIS HOUSE BELONGS TO THE MASTER...AND HE IS AWAY IN THE COUNTRY...SO I DON'T THINK THAT...I SHOULD OFFER YOU ANY WINE OR ANY FOOD BECAUSE OF COURSE IT ISN'T MINE TO OFFER...
...I PACED TO AND FRO WITH HEAVY STRIDES, AS IF EXCITED TO FURY BY THE EYES OF THE MEN--BUT THE NOISE STEADILY INCREASED...
...IT CERTAINLY IS...QUIET... WITH THE MASTER NOT HERE... ...THAT IS WHY I INVITED YOU TO SIT DOWN ...RIGHT IN THIS ROOM... BECAUSE...IT HAS BEEN SO QUIET LATELY...

...OH GOD! WHAT COULD I DO? I FOAMED...I RAVED...I SWUNG THE CHAIR UPON THE FLOOR WHERE I HAD BEEN SITTING...
DAMN IT... SHUT UP...BE QUIET...
STOP THAT UNUTTERABLE NOISE!!
IT GREW LOUDER...LOUDER LOUDER!! AND STILL THE MEN DID NOT APPEAR TO HEAR IT...AHH...THEY HEARD ...THEY SUSPECTED...THEY KNEW...THEY WERE MAKING A MOCKERY OF MY HORROR...
...ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN THIS AGONY...I MUST SCREAM OR DIE...AND NOW AGAIN... LOUDER...LOUDER... LOUDER!!
VILLAINS!!
I ADMIT THE DEED! TEAR UP THE PLANKS! HERE! HERE! IT IS THE BEATING OF HIS HIDEOUS HEART!!
...THEY HAD NOT HEARD HIS HEART-- ONLY I HAD HEARD HIS HEART...BUT... BUT AFTER ALL IT WAS ME THE OLD MAN WAS TORTURING ...IT WAS ME HE AMUSED HIMSELF BY DERIDING...SO YOU SEE...I AM NOT MAD...IT WAS THE OLD MAN WANTING HIS VENGEANCE THAT MADE ME ADMIT... THE OLD MAN'S TELL-TALE HEART FORCED ME! ...OH, LORD...I AM SO WRETCHED...
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

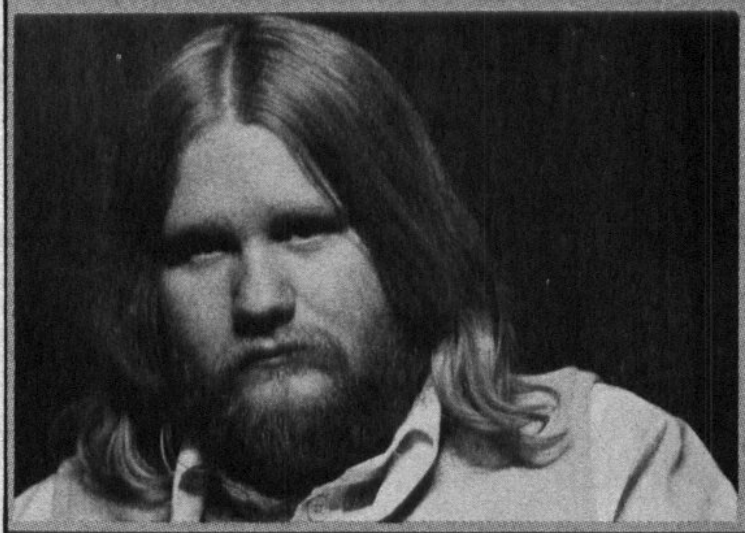
...THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG...

Welcome, weirdos, to the 8th issue of SCREAM, wherein tell-tale hearts, prisons in Hell, mechanical cannibals, slither-slime uprisings and sagas of victims aim to please your every HORROR-MOOD taste! You'll observe on the 2nd page of our letters/editorial jaunt this issue a BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS, which we hope you'll fill-out and send-in, but obviously this sure doesn't leave us too much space for too many letters or too many editorials! Tell you what — instead of our usual junket into your corrupt correspondence we'll let loose with some paranoic previews of what's exciting and what's upcoming in the lunatic HORROR-MOOD!

Speaking of Shoggoths (ahem? —we were?), just as soon as Mr. ZESAR has finished with the NOSFERATU series, he'll be once again attacking THE SHOGGOTH SAGA with full artistic fury — his first tale will be THE MOUNTAIN OF GRAVES so await it with excitement in your bleeding heart, it'll be WEIRD . . .

THE CASTLE is the first HORROR-MOOD offering of one DUFFY VOHLAND, an esteemed American artist who in future issues is teaming up with Connecticut Yankee DON MAITZ to produce the one and only HEAP . . .

Hope you have fun with this ish, fierce folk — don't forget the 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK now on sale! if you have a momment, fill-out the BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and send it in to us for a better HORROR-MOOD!



AUGUSTINE FUNNELL IS CHAINED UP IN AN ASYLUM!

Awkward Augustine recently went right off his rocker, so to speak, and has been (temporarily) confined to the GANANOQUE ASYLUM for observation! If we know Gus, HE'LL be the one doing the observing! The reason for his (temporary) estrangement from the world is a combination of overwork and lack of moisture (he has gills and can only breathe underwater — unfortunately when Lake Ontario recently DRIED-UP this caused our wet writer inumerable problems, since he lives WITHIN Lake Ontario!) . . . (if you didn't know about Lake Ontario drying up — it's not your fault! — the Government kept it secret!) Augustine's (temporary) problems have nothing to do with readers of the HORROR-MOOD magazines though, for he's scripted WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES and choke DOWN TO HADES TO DIE, from his cell (an' when you're wearing a STRAIGHT-JACKET it isn't easy to TYPE!) for you HORROR-MOOD fanatics! His (temporary) confinement will undoubtedly end the moment the doctors discover he's ALWAYS been a lunatic and that he's (permanently) incurable!

. . . fortunately for us . . .

THE HORROR-MOOD™
— International shoggoth crusade —
This is to certify that
is a full degree member of the ANTI-SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, who pledges full support and participation in the eradication of the shoggoth menace by personal action, and by joining, when called upon, an expedition into the Center of the Earth (where shoggoths dwell), armed to the teeth with gunpowder, knives, bazookas and other weaponry, pledging sanity and life in this noblest of all human causes in the service of mankind.
ARCHAIC SAMPLE
Signature of member affirming pledge of participation
ED PEDORY
- Director of Shoggoth Crusade
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
- Leader of Shoggoth Expedition
AL HEWETSON
- Shoggoth President
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. . . in the current issue of NIGHTMARE (on sale now) there is an odd tale in THE SHOGGOTH SERIES titled: THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE — a 20 page horror blockbuster! If you'll look at the last page of that story, you'll notice we announce the birth of a new horror club sponsored by the HORROR-MOOD GROUP! You can join this organization absolutely, totally FREE of any charge, and we'll send you an 8½" x 11" official certificate of membership! Just fill in the little coupon below, send us 15¢ to cover postage and handling (honest, this is necessary—we don't make a profit) and we'll send you within 2 weeks your diploma personally autographed by Archaic Al, Emotionally-disturbed Ed, and Awkward Augustine — that's all there is to it — join now — this FREE OFFER will NOT be repeated again . . .

HORROR-MOOD SHOGGOTH CRUSADE
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Room 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

I enclose 15¢ in Archaic cash to cover mailing of my FREE Shoggoth Crusade certificate!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY AND ALL ELSE .....

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is .....

because .....

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is .....

because .....

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because .....

.....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is .....

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is .....

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths .....

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): .....

.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are (the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): .....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are (Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims): .....

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL): .....

.....

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)

☐ as an insert

☐ full size cover art

☐ special design art

comment .....

.....

.....

.....

my favorite all time HORROR-MOOD cover is .....

.....

send in this page, or a fascimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name ..... age .....
address .....
city and all else .....

The TALES OF NOSFERATU

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR

...THIS IS THE *GHASTLY CASTLE* OF *NOSFERATU*...IT IS *MIDNIGHT*...THE *STORM* THAT *RIPS APART* THE *NIGHT SKY* IS NOT HEARD BY THOSE *INSIDE*, WHO LISTEN TO *EACH OTHER* TELL *TALES OF MISERY*...

...THIS NIGHT *THE PIG* WILL *UNMASK*...

...*ANTON DUBCHEK*--A *RUSSIAN-SIBERIAN PRISON CAMP COMMANDER*--A FAT, FILTHY MAN WITH AN EVIL, *WARPED MIND*...

...THIS IS HIS TALE...

MY PRISON IN HELL

NOSFERATU AND GENTLEMEN... ...WE HAVE THIS NIGHT HEARD SOME STRANGE BIOGRAPHIES--HERR HEINDRICH HAS TOLD US HOW HE CAME TO BE A HUMAN SACRIFICE ...AND M. DUPOIN HOW HE CAME TO BE EATEN BY SEWER RATS...AND SINNER CANE HOW HE BECAME VICTIM OF HIS OWN VOODOO...
HOW LONG WILL THIS PROLOGUE SOLILOQUY BE? THERE ARE OTHER TALES TO TELL AND YOU ARE NOT SO IMPORTANT A PERSON TO CAUSE US DELAY LISTENING TO THIS PARABLE OF YOURS...
GET ON WITH IT...
AS YOU WISH, NOSFERATU...
"...IN RUSSIA, AS YOU ALL KNOW, THERE IS A SATAN-FORSAKEN AREA KNOWN AS SIBERIA...AND THERE I RULED...
"...I COMMANDED THE MOST DESPISED PRISON CAMP IN THE WORLD...
"...WHERE ONLY THE MOST WRETCHED OF MEN SURVIVED..."

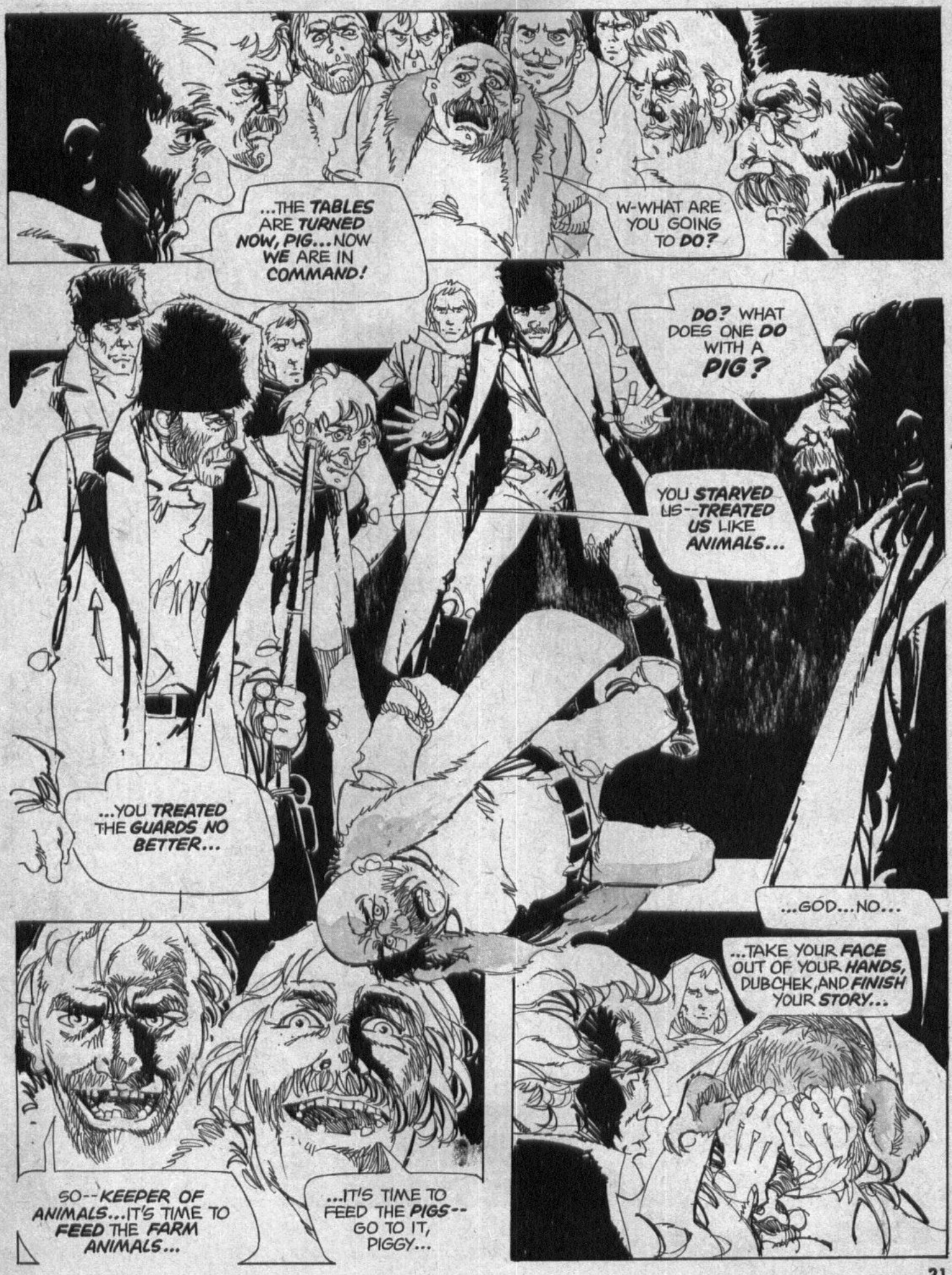
...HE IS A PIG...
I HEARD WHAT YOU JUST SAID...
YOU SAID I WAS A PIG, DIDN'T YOU?
NO-- N-NO... I SAID NOTH-ING!
N-NO, SIR! NO!
OH, GOD, SIR-- PLEASE--NO!
PUT HIM INTO THE PIT-ROOM...
DUBCHEK REALLY IS A PIG...TO TREAT A MAN IN SUCH A FASHION...

...THIS ISN'T FOOD...IT'S SLOP...
...THE GUARDS EAT SLOP TOO...
I'VE CALLED THIS MEETING BECAUSE YOU GUARDS ARE GETTING SLACK WITH THE PRISONERS...TODAY I SAW TWO PRISONERS BY THE LATRINE SMOKING. WHERE DID THEY GET THOSE CIGARETTES?
...THE ANIMALS IN THIS PLACE EAT BETTER THAN THE MEN...
FROM THE RED CROSS, SIR...
THE RED CROSS? WHAT THE HELL DO THEY THINK THEY'RE DOING? THEY'RE UNDERMINING MY DISCIPLINE! FROM NOW ON NO MORE RED CROSS PACKAGES AT ALL...

"...I WAS RUTHLESS...
"...AND SOMEWHAT EVIL...
"...BUT I FELT MY ATTITUDES WERE JUST... FOR THE MEN WERE VICIOUS CRIMINALS WHO'D MURDERED FOR A LIVING...
"...THEY WERE LUNATICS AND MADMEN.
...THEY WERE ANIMALS...AND I WAS THEIR KEEPER...

PRISONER TO SEE YOU, SIR...
I NEVER SEE PRISONERS... WHAT'S HIS NAME?
ZAMETOV!
OH, ZAMETOV, WELL--SEND HIM IN...
SIT DOWN, ZAMETOV--YOU HAVE SOME INFORMATION FOR ME?
YES--THEY ARE PLANNING A REVOLT ...AND BY THEIR ACTIONS HOPE TO GET 4 OR 5 MEN FREE IN THE CONFUSION...
A REVOLT, EH? DO YOU KNOW WHEN...AND WHO?
YES... BUT...
...THEN WE'LL BE READY...IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A DEMONSTRATION OF AUTHORITY...THOSE WHO SURVIVE WILL BE WHIPPED IN PUBLIC VIEW...
...SOME OF THE GUARDS ARE TRAITORS...I DON'T KNOW THEM ALL YET...THEY ARE HAVING A MEETING TONIGHT...IN THE STABLES...YOU CAN FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IF YOU WILL SECRETLY COME WITH ME...
NO, SIR... NO...
NO? WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO? YOU KNOW MY METHODS...
...YES--YES I WILL... I WILL NOT SUFFER DISLOYALTY FROM MY OWN MEN...

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, ZAME-TOV!
...I SWEAR SIR...I'M TELLING THE TRUTH...
...IF I AM OF SERVICE TO YOU, SIR...WILL YOU PERMIT MY RELEASE... WILL YOU REWARD ME, SIR, IN SOME WAY?
NO!
...BUT IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD CUT-OFF!
W-WHAT IS THIS?
...WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU-- PIG!
PIG!
PIG!--I SHOULD CUT YOUR HEAD OFF...
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
...OH... CAN'T WE?...


...THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW, PIG... NOW WE ARE IN COMMAND!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
DO? WHAT DOES ONE DO WITH A PIG?
YOU STARVED US--TREATED US LIKE ANIMALS...
...YOU TREATED THE GUARDS NO BETTER...
...GOD...NO...
...TAKE YOUR FACE OUT OF YOUR HANDS, DUBCHEK, AND FINISH YOUR STORY...
SO--KEEPER OF ANIMALS...IT'S TIME TO FEED THE FARM ANIMALS...
...IT'S TIME TO FEED THE PIGS-- GO TO IT, PIGGY...

"...THEY THREW INTO ME THE HOG-PEN... INTO THE FILTH...
"...THEY HAD STARVED THE PIGS FOR DAYS... THEY WERE WILD WITH HUNGER..."
...THEY DEVOURED ME...
NEXT: SEÑOR RAMON VORSE-- THE SHARK, IN "WHO KILLED THE SHARK?"

...IT IS ALWAYS RAINING IN THIS DECREPIT PLACE--THIS GRAVEYARD OF THE DEAD AND NEAR-DEAD--THIS HOME TO THOUSANDS IMBEDDED IN THE QUAGMIRE OF MUDDY CRYPTS UNDER THE SODDEN TURF...
...IT MERELY... DOES IT!-- THIS SLITHER-SLIME MAN IS THE LATE ELIAS MUND... IN LIFE HE WAS AN UNDERTAKER... BUT 'LIFE' WAS A LONG TIME AGO FOR MR. MUND, WHO NOW HAS A MORE MOROSE POINT TO HIS LIFE--OR HIS UNLIFE... HE HIS DEAD, BUT NOT YET RESTING IN PEACE...
...WHEN NIGHT FALLS HERE, THE MOON SHUDDERS AND HASTENS BEHIND THE DARK RAIN CLOUDS, FOR IT WISHED NOT TO WITNESS THE RISING OF A CERTAIN INHABITANT FROM HIS GRAVE --A NOCTURNAL MONSTER WHOSE ROTTED AND MAD MIND KNOWS NOT WHY IT DOES WHAT IT DOES...
...GOTTA CLEANSE THE WORLD... GOTTA STOP THE VAMPIRES AN' WEREWOLVES FUM KILLIN' INNOCENT FOLK...
...GOTTA SAVE THE PEOPLE FUM THE MONSTERS AN' DEMONS OF THE WORLD...
...AND THIS IS HIS TALE...
...GOTTA CLEANSE THE WORLD...
GARDONA'73

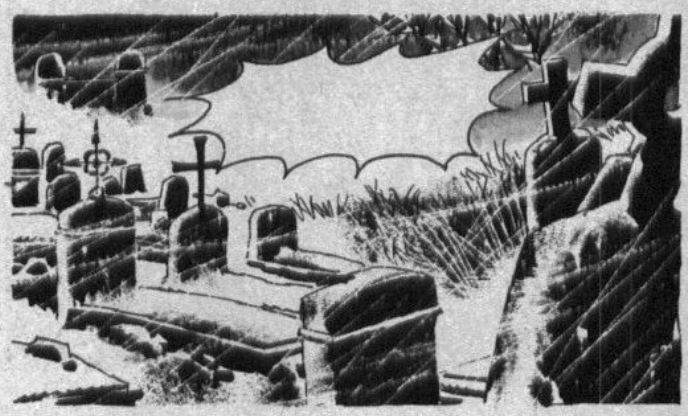
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GARDONA

THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN RISES AGAIN

...THIS NIGHT... LIKE SO MANY OTHER NIGHTS... THE MAN SLITHERS IN AND OUT THE GRAVES-- HIS OLD CRACKED LEATHER BOOTS SLUDGING IN THE SLIME UNDERFOOT-- SEARCHING FOR MONSTERS, SEARCHING FOR THE VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES HE KNEW DURING HIS LIFETIME... SEARCHING THEM OUT, TO KILL THEM...

...HE NEVER FINDS ANY VAMPIRES, OR ANY WEREWOLVES-- BUT SOMETIMES HE FINDS HUMAN MONSTERS-- MADMEN, FIENDS, MURDERERS, THIEVES-- LIKE A CERTAIN SHERIFF WASHT WHO SOMETIME AGO LOST HIS HEAD TO THIS SLITHER-SLIME AVENGER...

...THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN IS A GOOD MAN--A RIGHTEOUS MAN, AND MAYHAPS THAT'S HIS TROUBLE, FOR IN THIS WORLD, SUCH A MAN IS CALLED INSANE...



...BUT SOMETIMES, EVEN THE GOOD AND THE RIGHTEOUS--CAN BE A LITTLE CRAZY...

WELL AH'LL BE YAWR FRIEND--AH ALWAYS LOVED CHILLUN... NEVER HAD NO CHILLUN, LEAST-THAT AH KNOWS 'BOUT... BUT, GOD BLESS Y'ALL... AH JEST LOVES LI'L CHILDREN...
...AH'LL BE YAWR FRIEND'... WE KIN WALK TOGETHER...

...SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, OCTOBER 31, 1953... IT IS RAINING IN THIS PORT CITY... IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY... ON THE WATERFRONT... AND ON THE FUNERAL PARLOR ESTABLISHMENT OF ELIAS MUND... WHEREIN THE UNDERTAKER PREPARES, JUST AT THIS MOMENT, THE BODY OF AN OLD, OLD MAN FOR SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, PERMANENTLY, IN A VAULT...

...THIS IS ELIAS MUND, A CONSERVATIVE, A PRIVATE MAN, ENGAGED IN A QUIET PROFESSION; LIVING ALONE, A QUIET LIFE WITHIN THIS ONE-MAN BUSINESS ENVIRONMENT -- HIS RESIDENCE IS UPSTAIRS-- HIS FATHER, WHO FOUNDED THE BUSINESS, IS IN THE BASEMENT, BURIED IN A PRIVATE CRYPT...

...HE NEVER MARRIED; HE'S NEVER BEEN OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS OF SAVANNAH; HE HAS AN ANTIQUARIAN NATURE; HE HAS LIMITED INTERESTS; WHICH NUMBER, IN FACT, THREE -- HE INDULGES HIMSELF WITH FINE CIGARS, WHICH HE ENJOYS WITH A DECANTER OF OLD JACK DANIELS SOUR MASH, WHILE READING IN HIS WELL-STOCKED, INTERESTING, AND FAIRLY LARGE, PERSONAL LIBRARY... HE IS A ROMANTIC...

...OTHERWISE, IT MIGHT BE SAID, ELIAS MUND IS ECCENTRIC TO THE POINT OF BEING DULL...

WHY IS IT THAT SUCH A MAN AS **ELIAS MUND** IS NOT **PERMITTED** TO LIVE A **PEACEFUL HAPPY LIFE**, WITH **SELF-ACCOMPLISHMENT** LEFT TO THE **DEVICE** OF **HIS** OWN **PERSONAL IMAGINATION...?**
WHY IS IT **PEOPLE** TALK **ABOUT** HIM **BEHIND HIS BACK?** CALLING HIM **CREEP**, MORON, PERVERT AND 'SICKIE'?
WHY IS IT **CHILDREN** PERIODICALLY **SOAP HIS WINDOWS** OR PURPOSELY **BREAK THEM**, OR KNOCK OVER HIS **GARBAGE CANS**, OR **TROD** ON HIS **FLOWERS**, OR **THROW** HIS **MAIL** ALL ABOUT THE **STREET?**
WHY IS IT **CUSTOMERS**, EVEN DESPITE THEIR **GRIEF**, ARE **RUDE** TO THE **MAN'S FACE?**
-- THE **ANSWER**:... LET US **PROCEED** WITH THE **STORY**, AND YOU SHALL **UNDOUBTEDLY** DRAW YOUR **OWN** CONCLUSIONS ABOUT **WHY** THE WORLD **HATES INDIVIDUALS**...

...THE SCENE IS SET THUS: **MIDNIGHT**... **HALOWE'EN NIGHT**... OCTOBER 31, 1953 MR. MUND IS **UPSTAIRS** IN HIS **LIBRARY READING**... **DOWNSTAIRS**, AT THE **FRONT DOOR**, ARE GHOSTS, GOBLINS, AND OTHERWISE GREEDY GREMLINS **BANGING** ON THE **DOOR**, ABOUT TO **DEMAND A TREAT**, IN **LIEU** OF A **TRICK**...

...MR. MUND KNOWS **NOTHING OF HALLOWE'EN,** AND DOES NOT **HEAR** THE **CHILDREN** AT HIS **DOOR** (HE IS A BIT **DEAF**) AND SO **IGNORES** THEM, **INSTEAD RELAXING** AFTER A **HARD DAY'S NIGHT EMBALMING** A RICH, OLD SOCIETY DAME'S JAUNDICED SYPHILITIC, TOY POODLE...

...WE SHOULD LEARN THAT OL' CREEP A **LESSON!**

LET'S **BREAK** HIS **WINDOWS!**

NAW... THAT'S ALREADY BEEN **DONE!** WE SHOULD DO SOMETHIN' **DIFFERENT...** THIS IS **HALLOWE'EN--** WE'RE **ENTITLED** TO SOME **FUN...**

WE COULD **SCARE** HIM!

HOW WE GONNA DO **THAT?**

FRED'S **RIGHT...** WE COULD SCARE THE **HELL** OUT OF HIM WITH THESE **COSTUMES...** THE OLD POOP PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN **KNOW** IT'S **HALLOWE'EN...**

...THIS IS AN **INTERESTING DOCUMENT...** A COLLECTION OF **NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS** OF **VAMPIRES** AND **WEREWOLVES...**

...STUFF NO-BODY KNOWS **ANYTHINS** 'BOUT...

...SAYS HE'AR THAT EVERY **HALLOWE'EN** THE POLICE ARE FLOODED WITH **PHONE CALLS** 'BOUT SUCH **STRANGE GOINGS-ON** AS **VAMPIRE MUGGINGS** AN' **WEREWOLF ATTACKS** AN' THE LIKE...

...**HALLOWE'EN** IS OCTOBER 31ST...THAT'S **TONIGHT!**

W'AL AH GUESS THAR 'S A LOTTA STRANGE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD... SEEIN' VAMPIRES UNDER THAR BEDS AN' WEREWOLVES IN THAR CLOSETS...
...LOTTA SUPERSTITION GOIN' ROUND... AH DON'T BELIEVE IN NONE OF THET STUFF... VAMPIRES AN' WEREWOLVES IS JEST OL' WIVES TALES...
AAAAKK!
MY G-GOD--WHUT THE HELL!!
...YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES? I AM HERE TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE AN OLD FOOL...
...THIS NIGHT ALONE I HAVE KILLED 5 VICTIMS...
NO! HE IS MINE... I WANT HIS BLOOD... YOU HAVE ALREADY HAD YOUR FILL FOR ONE NIGHT...
... A W-WEREWOLF!! THE BOOK MUST BE RIGHT... MY DEAR L-LORD... THAR'S MONSTERS IN OUR VERY MIDST...
... AN' NO-ONE BELIEVES -- EVERYONE THINKS IT'S OLD SUPERSTITIONS... BUT... -- BUT YOU'RE REAL!
WE ARE REAL ENOUGH...
...WE TAKE THE BLOOD FROM THE VEINS OF THE INNOCENT CHILDREN ON HALLOWE'EN NIGHT... TONIGHT...
...BUT TONIGHT --WE WILL ENJOY A SPECIAL TREAT --WE WILL KILL YOU...

NO--NO-- I WON'T LET YOU--I WON'T!
...WHUT'S THIS A MASK... ...ONLY IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY KID... AN' THE OTHERS... JEST KIDS PLAYING A GAME-- A HALLOWE'EN TRICK... OH MY GOD... WHAT HAVE I DONE... ...AH'VE MURDERED THE CHILDREN... I'VE MURDERED JUST A BUNCH OF LI'L KIDS...
A WILL PROTECT THE WORLD FROM THE LIKES OF YOU-- AH KNOW 'BOUT YOU--AH KNOWS Y'ALL EXIST--NO-ONE ELSE KNOWS...
...AH KNOWS --AH'LL PROTECT THE L'IL CHILDREN ON TH' STREETS TONIGHT...
OH GOD GOD--WHUT CAN AH DO? I'M A MURDERER... I'VE KILLED...LITTLE KIDS... LI'L CHILDRUN... OH MY GOD... ...MY GOD... MY GOD ABOVE...

...ELIAS MUND, CHILD MURDERER, AND VICTIM OF MACABRE CIRCUMSTANCE, HAS NO RECOURSE... HE TAKES HIS OWN LIFE...

...THE POLICE FOUND THE CHILDREN IN THE MORNING... AND THEY FOUND OLD MR. MUND ON THE FLOOR WITH A KITCHEN KNIFE IN HIS HEART... THEY PIECED THE CIRCUMSTANCES TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH, MORE OR LESS, THE PROPER CONCLUSIONS... AND THEY BURIED MR. MUND... AND THEY BURIED THE CHILDREN... IN THE MUD OF SAVANNAH'S GREAT CEMETERY...

...ALMOST EVERY NIGHT NOW ELIAS MUND RISES FROM HIS MUDDY HOLE TO WALK THE GRAVE-LINED ALLEYS OF THIS DECREPIT DEAD FOLKS' HOUSING DEVELOPMENT... WITH A PURPOSE... WITH A VENGEANCE...

...GOTTA CLEANSE THE WORLD...
...WHOLE WORLD IS FULL OF VAMPIRES AN' WEREWOLVES... AH READ 'BOUT THEM IN A BOOK ONCE... Y'ALL HEAR ME CHILD?... ...LI'L GIRL?...

...THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN WALKS ABOUT IN THE MUD AND RAIN -- SEARCHING WITH A CONFUSED, MUDDLED HATRED, FOR THOSE WHO WOULD STALK THE NIGHT STREETS AND HURT THE CHILDREN... ELIAS MUND ALWAYS LOVED CHILDREN... ALWAYS RESPECTED CHILDREN, AND NOW THAT ELIAS MUND IS DEAD, HE HAS ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE EVILS OF THE WORLD... THE VAMPIRES AN' THE WEREWOLVES... EACH NIGHT, THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN RISES AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN...

SUSO

Horror-Mood Artist of the Month

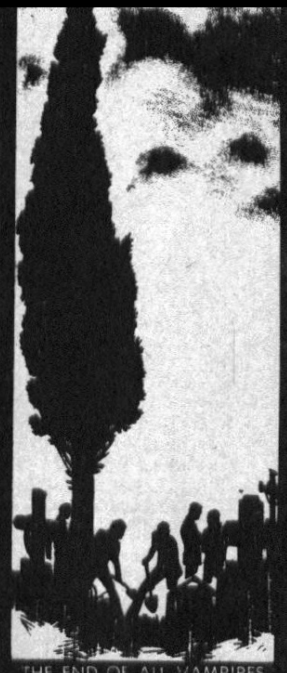
Jesus Manuel Pena Rego, or as we know him more affectionately SINISTER SUSO, is an artist whose talents knocked over everyone the moment they saw his first horror-mood tales of terror — THE FETID BELLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, DON'T DIE UP THERE STANLEY and THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND. Though he lives in faraway Spain - halfway around the world - his feeling for horror and most importantly, his feeling for comics, sets him far above most everyone else, for as we all know, illustrated horror is not just horror comics, its HORROR, which 'happens' to be illustrated. His now-classic SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, in 6 chapters, is one of the grandest comic art experiments of all time, as it is the first full-length ORIGINAL novel ever produced as illustrated literature. Suso will be doing THE DARKKOS MANSE SAGA on a regular basis when he completes THE VICTIMS, and many other weird tales, including the very special little tale SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. await more of this exemplorary artist's works with anticipation, he's great, and with each tale, he's getting greater!

art by Sinist

from: THE WEREWOLF MACABRE

a scene from THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND

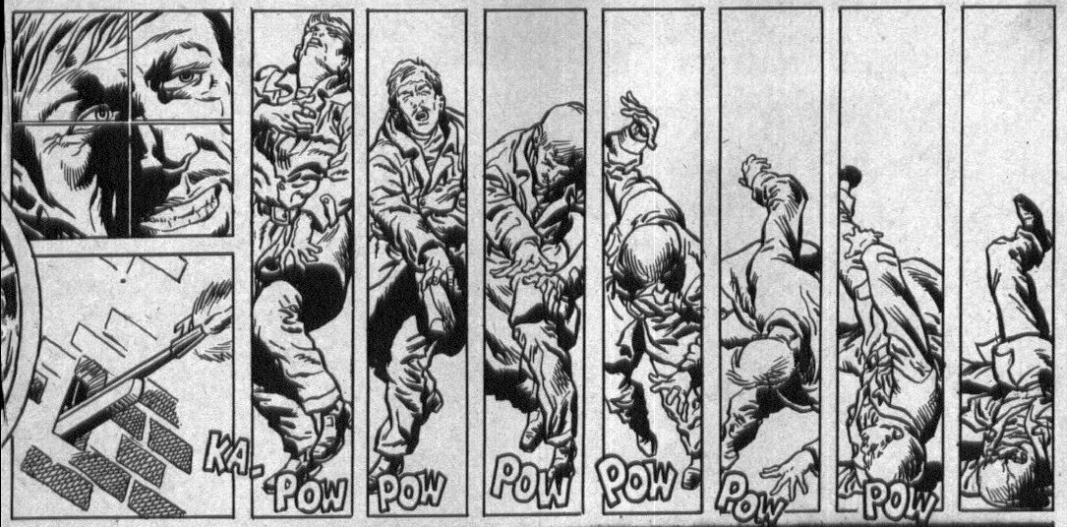
a scene from THE WEREWOLF...

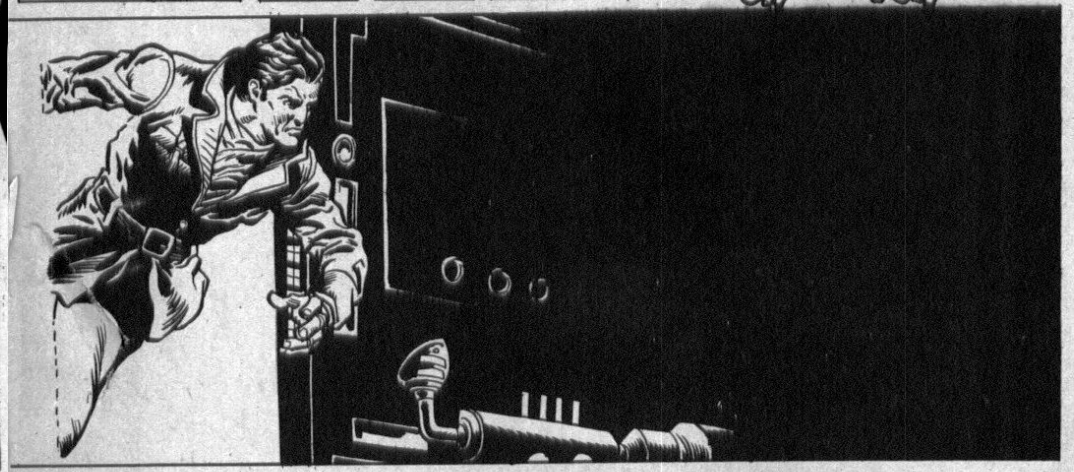


THE END OF ALL VAMPIRES

THE MECHANICAL CANNIBALS

JAGEN PEERED WITH ANTICIPATION THROUGH THE ELETRONIC SIGHT OF HIS TEST-FIRED WEAPON...
...SPUN THE MAGNIFIER, AND SIGHTED HIS TARGET...
THE ONE YOU WANT IS THE TALLEST!
THE WIDE ENTRANCE ACROSS THE STREET WAS SHARP AND CLEAR DESPITE THE RAIN-FILLED NIGHT OUTSIDE...
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RICH BUCKLER





WHEN HE STEPPED OUT OF THE SCREEN IN THE OTHER PLACE, HE WAS UNDERGROUND SOMEWHERE...
...QUICKLY, HE MOVED TO ONE SIDE OF THE SCREEN...
GAS PUFFED OUT OF IT, EXPELLED SILENTLY, AND...

GOOD. THE TRANSMITTER I LEFT IN IS DE-STROYED! THE POLICE WILL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO TRACE MY DESTINATION FROM THE WRECKAGE BUT, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

R. Buckler '71

JAGEN LOOKED AT THE REMOVABLE STOCK OF HIS GUN FOR THE PASTED-ON INSTRUCTION SHEET...
TARGET LOCATION: 8-3-8-L-8-3-1
DESTROY GUN
SO THAT'S WHAT THE ACID VAT IS FOR...
VERY THOROUG, AND PROFESSIONAL! BUT THEN, I'M A HUNTER... AND IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW HOW TO COVER MY TRAIL...
BESIDES... WHY SHOULD THEY BE SO HELPFUL?
JAGEN CUT IN ALF THE BARREL O HIS GUN WITH A PORTABLE, DIAMOND-EDGED BLADE, THEN...
SHORT, AND INACCURATE-- BUT DEADLY AT CLOSE RANGE!
JAGEN SLIPPED THE TRUNCATED WEAPON UP THE LOOSE SLEEVE OF HIS JACKET...
NOW, HIS INSTRUCTIONS READ SIMPLY... CHANGE. HE PUNCHED A RANDOM CODE AND STEPPED THROUGH...
NOISE AND SOUND, LIGHT AND SHARP SMELLS. THE OCEAN WAS CLOSE BY...
JAGEN COULD HEAR THE BREAKERS AND SALT DAMPNESS WAS STRONG IN HIS NOSE.
THIS WAS A PUBLIC COMMUNICATIONS PLAZA SET AROUND THE TRANSMITTER SCREENS...

THE CROWD WAS THICK-- AND THE REDDISH SUN HIGH ABOVE, WAS STRONG. JAGEN FOLLOWED THE FIRST PERSON WHO PASSED HIM, TO GIVE HIM A RANDOM DIRECTION...
HE FOLLOWED A GIRL TO A SIDE STREET... PASSED ONE TRANSMATTER BOOTH...
THERE WAS THE FAMILIAR GREEN STARBURST AHEAD. JAGEN SMILED SLIGHTLY...
WHY NOT? POLICE HQ IS PUBLIC AND PERFORMS MANY FUNCTIONS. NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...
GREATER
POLICE H
YET THERE WAS, OF COURSE, FEAR... CONQUERING IT WAS A BIG PART OF THE GAME. UP THE STEPS AND PAST UNSEEING GUARDS...
JAGEN CAME TO A ROW OF TRANSMATTER SCREENS AND PUNCHED THE NEXT CODE ON THE LIST...
THE AIR WAS THIN AND COLD, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE AND HIS EYES WATERED AT THE SUDDEN CHILL. HE TURNED QUICKLY TO THE SCREEN TO PRESS THE NEXT CODE, WHEN A MAN RUSHED TOWARD HIM...
WAIT! DO NOT LEAVE!
HERE, TAKE THIS RESPIRATOR...
YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT PLACE THIS IS--? WE ARE ON A SHIP, IN ORBIT. IT HAS BEEN FOR CENTURIES! AN ATMOSPHERE AND GRAVITY PLANT WERE PLACED ABOARD WHILE THIS TRANSMITTER WAS OPERATING...

WHEN WE LEAVE AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING. IF YOU ARE TRACKED THIS FAR, THE TRAIL WILL END HERE.
THEN THE REST OF MY INSTRUCTIONS...
WILL NOT BE NEEDED!
IF YOU WILL PROCEED...
I'LL FOLLOW YOU.
THE MAN NODDED, THREW HIS BREATH MASK ASIDE, THEN STEPPED THROUGH THE SCREEN.
THEY WERE IN A NORMAL ENOUGH HOTEL ROOM, THE KIND THAT CAN BE FOUND ON ANY ONE OF TEN THOUSAND PLANETS...
IT IS DONE?
THE MAN WHO BROUGHT HIM, NODDED SILENTLY AND LEFT...
SPEAK UP, MAN!
THE PAYMENT, FIRST.
WE'LL PAY YOU! DON'T BE FOOLISH. JUST TELL US HOW IT CAME OUT. WE HAVE A LOT INVESTED IN THIS.
THE PAYMENT, NOW!
ALL SIX SHOTS WERE FIRED. I PUT FOUR IN THE HEAD, AND TWO IN THE HEART.
NATURALLY I DO A THOROUGH JOB!
HERE, HUNTER, NOW TELL US.
IT WAS AS YOU SAID. THE PROTECTIVE SCREEN WAS USELESS AGAINST MECHANICALLY PROPELLED PLASTIC MISSILES.

THE MAN IN BLACK RAISED AN ENERGY PISTOL THAT HAD BEEN CONCEALED IN HIS CLOTHING...
EXCELLENT! THE PARAGRANTIC IS OURS!
OH NO YOU DON'T...
...AND FIRED!
SPAZZZLTT!
JAGEN, WHO AS A HUNTER ALWAYS CONSIDERED BEING HUNTED ROLLED SIDEWAYS AND CLUTCHED THE BARREL OF THE SHORTENED PROJECTILE WEAPON...
...WITH HIS OTHER HAND HE FOUND THE TRIGGER. THE RANGE WAS POINT-BLANK, AND A MISS WAS IMPOSSIBLE...
KCHOW!
SO, YOU THOUGHT I WAS UNARMED...
DO NOT FIRE...!
I SAVED THE GUN-- AT LEAST ENOUGH OF IT TO STILL SHOOT-- AND A CLIP OF SOFT-ALLOY BULLETS, BETTER THAN THOSE PLASTIC ONES.
AND IT DOESN'T SHOW ON A DETECTOR-SCREEN...
...SO YOUR DOUBLECROSS DIDN'T WORK-- AS YOUR FRIEND FOUND OUT-- THE HARD WAY!
PLEASE... I HAVE NO WEAPON. DO NOT KILL ME.
PLEASE...

JAGEN POINTED THE GUN TO KILL, BUT CHANGED HIS MIND. HE WAS WEARY OF KILLING. INSTEAD HE KICKED HIM HARD IN THE FACE...
LEAVING THE MAN BEHIND, MOANING, HE PUNCHED THE KEYS AND STEPPED INTO THE SCREEN...
THE MACHINE STEPPED OUT OF THE SCREEN IN AN OFFICE OF THE HIGHEST OFFICER OF POLICE, AT ALMOST THE SAME INSTANT-- BUT MANY LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT...
YOU ARE FOLLOWER?
I AM.
I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE A NUMBER OF OTHER FOLLOWERS GOING INTO OPERATION. WHAT IS IT THAT YOU HOPE TO DO?
I WILL FOLLOW THE ASSASSIN.
THAT MAY BE DIFFICULT. HE-- OR SHE-- DESTROYED THE TRANSMATTER AFTER THE KILLING.
I HAVE WAYS OF DETERMINING THE TUNING FROM THE WRECKAGE.
I SHALL FOLLOW. I HAVE DETECTION APPARATUS THAT IS HIGHLY ADVANCED.
I HAVE THE MEMORY CORE OF THE LARGEST LIBRARY AND MEANS OF ADDING TO IT CONSTANTLY.
NOW, IF I MAY SEE ALL THE RECORDS OF THE ASSASSINATION...
...I WILL PROCEED!

TWENTY YEARS OF EASY LIVING HAD NOT ALTERED JAGEN VERY MUCH. HE NO LONGER HAD TO EARN HIS LIVING AS A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER, SO HE COULD NOW HUNT FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE...
HE HAD DISCOVERED A BACKWARD PLANET WHERE THE JUNGLES WERE PRIMITIVE AND THE HUNTING WAS TREMENDOUS. AND HE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE IN COMFORT FOR YEARS TO COME...
SUDDENLY, THE ALIGNMENT BELL SIGNALLED QUIETLY TO SHOW ANOTHER TRANSMATTER HAD BEEN TUNED TO HIS...
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. I'M CALLING THE POLICE...
I HAVE COME FOR YOU, ASSASSIN!
BUT INSTEAD OF THE COMMUNICATOR--
--HE DIVED FOR HIS RECOILLESS RIFLE!

JAGEN EMPTIED THE CLIP OF *EXPLOSIVE SHELLS*-- ENOUGH TO FELL THE MULTITON AMPHIBIANS IN THE SWAMPS...

KA-WOOM!

THE ROOM WAS A *SHAMBLES*, WITH WALLS, FLOOR AND CIELING RIPPED BY THE EXPLOSIVE FRAGMENTS. THE MACHINE STOOD UNMOVED...

STAY AWAY-- *EXECUTIONER*...

I AM *FOLLOWER*. I AM NOT AN EXECUTIONER.

IT TOUCHED A COOL METAL FINGER TO HIS HEAD, AND AS IT MADE CONTACT HE FOUND HIMSELF COMPLETELY *PARALYZED*... UNABLE TO MOVE OR SPEAK...

HIS CONSCIOUSNESS WAS IMPRISONED IN THE SMALLEST PORTION OF HIS BRAIN, IMPOTENT, HYSTERICAL.

YOU WILL FIND THE *OPERATION* IS COMPLETELY HARMLESS.

OPERATION? WHAT OPERATION? WHAT UNMENTIONABLE REVENGE DID THE *GREATER DESPOT* PLAN? HOW IMPORTANT WAS THE MAN WHOM HE HAD KILLED?

THE MACHINE SPRAYED *DEPILATORY* FOAM ON HIS HEAD, REMOVING ALL OF HIS HAIR. WHY?

THIS IS A *NEEDED* PART OF THE *OPERATION*. THERE WILL NO *PAIN*.

WITH SLOW PRECISION IT PULLED HIS HEAD TO THE *METAL HOLLOW*. THEN MECIFULLY, UNCONSCIOUSNESS DESCENDED.

JAGEN DIDN'T FEEL THE THIN NEEDLES THAT SLID THROUGH HIS SKULL, PROBING -- BRINGING UP AND EXAMINING MEMORIES. AND THEN IT WAS OVER...
...AND THE PARALYSIS WAS REMOVED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN..
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
WAIT!
I HAVE SEARCHED YOUR MEMORY. I NOW KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THOSE WHO ORDERED THE ASSASSINATION..
THE MACHINE WALKED TO THE TRANSMATTER. IT HAD ALREADY PUNCHED OUT A CODE, WHEN JAGEN CALLED HOARSELY...
STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ARREST ME, OR ANYTHING?
DO YOU HAVE FEELINGS OF GUILT THAT MUST BE EXPUNGED?
DON'T PLAY WITH ME MACHINE! I'M HUMAN AND YOU ARE JUST A METAL THING! I ORDER YOU TO ANSWER!
I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT -- WHICH IS WHY I HAVE FOLLOWED YOU.
I AM ALSO AWARE OF YOUR OPINION OF YOURSELF. IT IS A WRONG ONE. YOU ARE NOT UNIQUE, GIFTED, OR EVEN INTERESTING!
THE GREATER DESPOT IS INTERESTED ONLY IN FACTS. ANY MAN CAN KILL -- AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ANIMALS. IT IS THE MOTIVE THAT IS IMPORTANT. AN EXAMINATION WILL BE MADE OF YOUR SOCIETY..
... AND PARTICULARLY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE MEN WHO HIRED YOU.
IT IS SOCIETY THAT KILLS, NOT THE INDIVIDUAL.
YOU ARE NOTHING!
DID HE DECTECT A TOUCH OF MALICE IN THE MACHINES WORDS -- AS IT STEPPED INTO THE SCREEN AND VANISHED!

...THIS IS **CHAPTER THREE** OF THE **SAGA OF THE VICTIMS**...THE TORMENTED TALE OF TWO WHO ARE **INNOCENT**...YET **VICTIMS** TO A SERIES OF INCIDENTS BEYOND **HUMAN COMPREHENSION**...INCIDENTS **BRUTAL** ...**FIENDISH**...**LUNATIC**...AND SEEMINGLY **POINTLESS**... AND IN THIS WORLD WHERE REASON IS ALL-IMPORTANT, THE TOTAL **IRRATIONALITY** OF THEIR **PERSECUTORS** IS THEIR MOST **INSUFFERABLE TORTURE**...

...THIS...IS JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS...THE TWO WHO ARE **WOUNDED, TORTURED** AND **TORMENTED** IN...

The SAGA of the VICTIMS

...WHAT MACABRE EVENTS LED TO THIS AWFUL MOMENT? SURELY NOTHING HUMAN IS BEHIND THE BITTER CONFRONTATION BETWEEN THE VICTIMS AND THE UNKNOWN, UNSEEN TORMENTOR...THAT STARTED ONLY A DAY BEFORE NOW IN THEIR CASTLE-LIKE MANHATTAN'S GIRLS' FINISHING COLLEGE: SCOLLARD MANSE...
...WHERE ON A BLEAK SATURDAY NIGHT AT DUSK THEY WERE MYSTERIOUSLY SPIRITED BELOW THE SCHOOL TO A GROTESQUE UNDERGROUND CITY POPULATED BY OBSCENE MUTANTS...
...FROM WHICH THEY ESCAPED ONLY TO FACE THE NAKED, BRUTAL MIND OF A THING WHO THREATENED THEM OF DOOM, IF THEY DID NOT GROVEL AND CAPITULATE...
...BUT THEY DID NOT... AND WERE ACCORDED FALSE MOMENTARY FREEDOM ONLY TO FALL VICTIMS TO THE DESPERATE AND ARCHAIC MADNESS OF A MECHANICAL VAMPIRE...

I...AM TORMENT

...WHOSE **DEATH** LED THEM TO THIS **MOMENT** NEARBY ON THE **TURRET** OF HIS **CASTLE-PALACE**... WHEN THIS **THING** THOUGHT **DEAD MILLIONS OF YEARS** **ATTACKS** AND **LIFTS** THEM FROM THE VERY **GROUND**... LIFTS AND **DRAGS** THEM INTO THE **AIR** BY ITS **CLAWS** IMBEDDED HORRIBLY INTO THEIR SKIN AND HAIR...

...WHETHER OR NOT THIS **THING** THAT IS LEGITIMATELY A PTERODACTYL HAS A **MIND** AND HENCE **KNOWS** ITS **ORIGINS** AND UNDERSTANDS WHAT IT NOW **DOES** IS NOT THE **QUESTION**...

...THE QUESTION IS: "**WHO** IS **HE** WHO **SAYS**..."

SUSO 74

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY SUSO

...A QUESTION NOT TO BE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY... FOR OTHER FACTORS ARE INVOLVED...SPECIFICALLY... ONE WITH TWO MASSIVE WINGS THE SPAN OF A B-52 BOMBER...
JOSEY... JOSEY...I... I CAN'T BREATHE!
WHERE... IS IT... TAKING US?
ANNE... MY GOD!
...TWO TITANS BATTLE WHILE TWO VICTIMS CLOSE THEIR EYES AND MURMUR WHATEVER THEY CAN REMEMBER OF CHILDHOOD PRAYERS...
...USEFUL ONLY IN BLOCKING FROM THEIR MINDS THE AWFUL SHRIEKING DIN OF THE BATTLING PTERODACTYLS...

...WHO BATTLE OVER POSSESSION OF THEM...
...AND WHEN ONE WINS IT IS TO THEIR OBSCURE REGRET THAT IT WAS THEIR CAPTOR WHO LOST...FOR AS HE FALLS TO HIS DEATH SO DO THEY...
...BUT THE VICTOR IN THIS AIR WAR DOES NOT LET HIS PRIZE WINNINGS OUT OF HIS...OR HER, GRASP FOR LONG... AND IN A STRANGE WAY COMES TO THEIR RESCUE...

...WHERE IS IT TAKING US?
...TO ITS NEST TO FEED ITS YOUNG...
...THEY CANNOT SPEAK TO EACH OTHER NOW...DON'T EXPECT THEM TO...EXPECT ONLY SMALL WHIMPERING CRIES TO TURN TO SHRIEKS OF HORROR AS THEY REALIZE HOW IMMINENT IS THEIR DEMISE...
MY GOD... THE WHOLE NEST IS SHAKING...
THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN IS SHAKING!

WE'RE SITTING ON TOP OF A LIVE VOLCANO... AND IT'S ABOUT TO BLOW!

THEY'RE TRYING TO LEAVE...FLY AWAY FROM THE EXPLODING VOLCANO...
...I WISH WE COULD FLY AWAY...

...NO...I DON'T... THE SEARING HEAT OF THE LAVA IS BURNING THEIR WINGS...
...THEY'RE FALLING TO THEIR DEATHS!

THE NEST IS LIFTING OFF ITS PERCH...WE'RE BEING CARRIED BY THE LAVA...

...BUT... WHAT ABOUT US?

OH GOD, JOSEY!
...THE OCEAN... WE'RE HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA...
HOLD ON TO THE TREE BRANCHES THAT CONSTRUCT THIS NEST...
...ANNE... I CAN'T BREATHE, ANNE... I CAN'T BREATHE... THE INTENSE HEAT...

...NOW...THEY SLEEP...AFTER SUCH A BIZARRE OCCURENCE AS HAS JUST BEFALLEN THESE TWO UNWILLING ADVENTURERS ONE WOULD SUPPOSE THEM TOO EMOTIONALLY UPSET TO DO ANYTHING BUT SIT AWAKE AND STARE BLANK-EYED AT THE HORIZON...

...BUT NO...NATURE DEMANDS IT DUE...AND AT THIS MOMENT, WHAT IS DUE IS A LOT OF SLEEP...FOR YOU MUST REALIZE, THE VICTIMS HAVE NOT SLEPT IN DAYS...

...WHEN THEY AWAKE IT IS TORMENT AND AGONY...FOR JUST AS THEY'VE HAD NO SLEEP NEITHER HAVE THEY HAD NOURISHMENT...AND IN THIS MACABRE LIFE-RAFT THEY AREN'T LIKELY TO GET ANY EITHER...

...JOSEY... I THINK I'M GOING TO DIE!
...YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT...
...BUT...I REALLY THINK I AM!
NO...YOU MUSTN'T EVEN THINK IT...
WE'RE BOTH GOING TO DIE JOSEY!
...NO... WE'RE NOT!
LOOK... OVER THERE... LOOK OVER THERE!
GOD...A SHIP?
...BUT JOSEY... LOOK AT IT... IT'S IN THE WRONG CENTURY!

...IT SWEPT THROUGH THE SEAS TO THEM AND ALMOST SWAMPED THEIR NEST-CRAFT...
...IT SWEPT SO CLOSE THEY COULD GRAB THE ROPES AT THE SIDES AND HOLD THEM TILL THEY GATHERED BALANCE ENOUGH TO CLIMB THE SIDES...
...AND CLAMBER ABOARD THE DESOLATE THING OUT OF THE PAST...
JOSEY... I DON'T SEE ANYONE...
...IF YOU DID THEY'D BE DEAD ANYWAY...THIS SHIP IS SOMETHING OUT OF ANOTHER AGE...SOMEHOW IT'S MANAGED TO SURVIVE THROUGH TIME... BUT...
...BUT DON'T EXPECT A CREW TO HAVE SURVIVED...
...I WONDER IF ANY FOOD OR WATER SURVIVED?

...IT...LOOKS EDIBLE...
...I DON'T KNOW IF WE SHOULD RISK IT...IT MIGHT BE FETID BY NOW...
...IT... DOESN'T LOOK FETID...
...IT TASTES FINE...
...IT SHOULD... IT'S MINE!
DEAR LORD!
...FOR THIS IS MY SHIP!

OH, GOD, JOSEY
...WHAT NOW? WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?
...ANOTHER FIEND...ANOTHER MONSTER!
ANOTHER TORMENT?
...YES... ANOTHER TORMENT...
...YOU TRESPASS UPON MY SHIP... AND ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOMS OF THE SEA...THOSE WHO ARE UNWELCOME ABOARD A PIRATE FRIGATE ARE TRIED BY THE CREW...
...PIRATE... FRIGATE?
...CREW?...
...A PIRATE CREW...DREDGED OUT OF THE PAST TO CONFRONT THE VICTIMS IN A NEVER-ENDING ATTEMPT TO BREAK THEIR MINDS INTO 2 BITS...TO DEMOLISH THE THIN THREAD THAT STILL HOLDS THEM TO THEIR STUBBORN SANITY...TO WRECK HAVOC WITH THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF THIS EARTH... FOR THESE "THINGS ARE CORPSES...THESE "THINGS" ARE OUT OF HORROR-MOVIES...THESE "THINGS ARE BURNED INTO THEIR INTELLECT ONLY AS FICTION...THEY AREN'T REAL!
...AND YET...THEY STAND BEFORE THE VICTIMS NOW AS REAL AS THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF THE HEAVEN'S PERMIT...

...HEH...HEH... WE GONNA KILL THEM CAPTAIN?
...AYE...I THINK WE SHOULD KILL 'EM CAPTAIN... BUT HOW YE THINK WE SHOULD KILL THEM?
...P'RAPS WE SHOULD STRING 'EM UP TO THEE HIGHEST YARDARM AND WATCH THEE SEAGULLS FEED UPON THEM...
...P'RAPS WE MIGHT H'ATACH THEM TO THEE CROW'S NEST AND LET THEM DIE H'EXPOS'D TO THEE WINDS AND RAINS...
...CAP'N...
...MUMPH... MMPPPMPP... MPHMPH...
...HAR HAR...THEE CABIN BOY HAS A SUGGESTION...AND I WOULD NOT BE IN THE LEAST SURPRISED TO LEARN IT BE A VERY WEIRD SUGGESTION...
...THEE GANGPLANK...
AYE... THEE LAD HAS IT...THEE GANGPLANK!
...AYE...LIKE WE MADE THE ORIGINAL OWNERS OF THIS GOOD FRIGATE DO TWO 'UNNERD YEARS AGO...
MUMPH...
...HEH HEH HEH... PER'APS WE COULD FIND SOMET'ING MORE SUITABLE THAN THOSE MEDIOCRE TORTURES...WE 'AVE NOT 'AD ANY FEMALE COMPANIONS SINCE OUR LAST PORT... AND THAT HAS BEEN SOME TIME...
...MUMPH... MMPPPMPP... MPHMPH...

WALK!
...WALK OUT THERE AND BE FED TO THEE SHARKS...
...MMPH...
...UMPH... UMMM...UMMM...
THEE WATERS... LOOK AT THEE WATERS CAPTAIN...
...SWIRLIN' 'ROUND... JUST LIKE THEY DID TWO 'UNNERD YEARS BACK...
...IT'S THEE WHIRLPOOL...
...MMMPH...

...THIS ANCIENT DEAD SHIP SWIRLS INTO THE VORTEX OF THE MAELSTROM...
...THIS ARCHAIC DEAD SHIP SWIRLS UP AND AROUND AND ABOUT FOR AN ETERNITY BEFORE IT GOES DOWN TO HELL-...
...THIS DISEASED DEAD SHIP DOES NOW AS IT DID THEN...TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE...WHEN IT ORIGINALLY DISAPPEARED AND TOOK ITS LIVING CREW TO THE DEAD DEPTHS...
...BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE TWO OTHERS ABOARD...
...TWO OTHERS WHO CANNOT SCREAM BECAUSE THEIR MOUTHS ARE GAGGED...
...WHO CANNOT CLING TO THE BROKEN-OFF GANG-PLANK BECAUSE THEIR HANDS ARE TIED...
...TWO WHO SINK ALONG WITH THEIR PERSECUTORS...BUT THEIR PERSECUTORS ARE DEAD AND THEY ARE NOT...
YET...

...IN A MOMENT THEY ARE INTO THE VORTEX OF THE MAELSTROM BEING SUCKED UNDER BY THE SHIP...THEY ARE VANISHED BEHIND THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL WALLS...

...AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY ARE APPEARED AGAIN, NOW MYSTERIOUSLY RIDING THE CREST...

...NOW...HUMAN SURVIVAL INSTINCT TAKES OVER AND ANNE RIPS HER BINDINGS ON A ROTTED NAIL ON THE PLANK THEY RIDE...

...AND REMOVES HER COMPANION'S ROPES BEFORE SHE REMOVES THE CLOTH OVER HER MOUTH...

...SO THAT SHE CAN SCREAM...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
JOSEY... JOSEY...OH GOD, SAVE US...
I CAN'T HEAR YOU...
...I CAN'T HEAR YOU...THE NOISE OF... ...THE NOISE...
...THE NOISE OF THE WHIRLPOOL IS TOO LOUD...
...WE'RE GOING UNDER...
ANNE...ANNE... WE'RE GOING UNDER...
...I CAN'T HEAR YOU, JOSEY...I CAN'T HEAR YOU...
MY GOD...

...IS THIS NOW AN ENDING OR THE NEVER-ENDING MIDDLE OF THIS MACABRE SAGA? ANNE ADAMS AND JOSEY FORSTER ARE SO TOSSED INTO WEIRD CIRCUMSTANCE AFTER CIRCUMSTANCE THAT THE DEFINITION OF WHERE ONE LEAVES OFF AND WHERE ANOTHER BEGINS IS TOTALLY BEYOND NORMAL CONJECTURE.
...JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS ARE THE VICTIMS...THEIR TALE OF TORMENT IS NOT YET FINISHED...THEIR AGONY IS NOT CONCLUDED BY ANY STANDARD OF MEASURE...

...THIS...IS THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...NOT YET NEAR ITS FINISH AND NOT YET NEAR AN EXPLANATION...BUT THROUGHOUT THE CHAPTERS SO-FAR THERE ARE MYRIAD CLUES TO AN UNDER-STANDING OF WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON...HINTS WHICH WILL SEEM BLATANT WHEN WE DO CONCLUDE... BUT NEXT WE MEET ANOTHER WHOSE NAME ALONE IS ENOUGH OF A THREAT TO THE LIVES OF THE VICTIMS...

NEXT: **I AM TREACHERY...I AM HORROR INCARNATE!**